

Worley Daryl

"Those Less Fortunate Than I"

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(Mark Nesler)

I don't have a lot, but I'm proud of what I've got
I can't complain
'Cause I see people hangin' round, on the city streets
downtown
Living on pocket change
There're times I've been confused, felt that I was born
to lose
Oh but I survived
Unlike the one's who pray and feel more than blessed
each day
To just be still alive

Is there something we can do
Seems the odds against survival are a million to one
The only hope they have will die
In the hearts of you and I if nothing's ever done
I can't save them by myself
Oh but God forbid that I just turn my head
And walk on by
Don't let me be a stranger to those less fortunate than I

Seems that old golden rule, that I learned back in
school
Has lost its shine
It's a crying shame, and I wonder could the blame
Be yours and mine
Discipline was tough, and that old principal was rough
But the times were good
'Cause no one ever found one single child shot down
In the neighborhood

Is there something we can do
Seems the odds against survival are a million to one
'Cause every day that passes by
Another street gang victim dies
And still there's nothing done
I can't save them by myself
Oh but God forbid that I just run away somewhere and
hide

From the fear and the danger of those less fortunate
than I
Lord don't let me be a stranger to those less fortunate
than I

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